

There begynnnyth þe temple of Glas

HOr through constreynt & greuous heuyness
For pensythed and hygge distress
To bed I wente now this other nyght
Whan that lucyna with hyr pale lyght
Was Joyned last with phebus in aquarye
Amyd decembre/whan of Januarie
Ther be kalendes of the new yere
And derke dyane horned and nothyng clere
Had her beames vnder a mysty cloude
With in my bed for cold I gan me shroude
All desolate for constraynt of my won
The long nyght walowying to and fro
Till at laste er I gan take kepe
He dyde oppresse a soden dedely slepe
With in the whiche me thought I was
Kauylshed in spiryte in to Temple of glas
I nyfte howferre in wyldernes
That founded was as by lyclynes
Not vpon stele/ but on a craggy roche
Lyke yle I froze/ and as I dide approche
Agayn the sonne that shone soo clere
As ony crystall and euer nere and nere
As I gan nyghe this grypsly dredfull place
I wer astonyed/ the lyght soo in my face
Began to smyte/ soo persyng euer in one
On euery parte where that I gone

A



That I ne myght no thyng as I wolde
DAbute me consydere and beholde
The wonder esters for byghtnes of the sonne
Oft atte last certayn skyes donne
With wynde chased han her conrs I went
Tofoze the stremes of tytā and I blent
Soo that I myght within and withoute
Werso I wolde beholden me aboute
For to repozte the facyon and manere
Of all this place that was circuler
I compass wyle round by entayle wrought
And whan I had longe and sought
I founde awyket and entred in as fast
In to the temple and myn eyen cast
On euery syde now low and now eft alofte
And right anone as I gau walken softe
Yf I the sothe a right repozte shall
I sawe depaynted vpon a wall
From este to weste many a fayr ymage
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age
I sette in ordre after they were trewe
With lyfly colours wonder fresch of hue
And as me thought I sawe som sit & som stāde
And som knelyng with bylles in theyr hande
And som with complaynt wofull and pyetuous
With dolefull chere to putten to venus
So as she sate fletyng in the see
Upon her woo for to haue pytee

¶ And fyrst of all I saugh there of cartage
¶ Dido the quene so goodly of vylage
¶ That gan complayne hyr auenture and caas
¶ How she decyued was of Eneas
¶ For all his hestes and his othes sworne
¶ And sayd alas that euer she was borne
¶ What she sawe that ded she must be
¶ And nex I sawe the coniplaynt of Medee
¶ How that she falled was of Jason
¶ And nyght by venus sawe I lytte Atheon
¶ And all the maner how the booz hym llongh
¶ For whom she wepte and had pyne ynought
¶ There sawe I also how that Penolpe
¶ For she so longe her lord ne myght see
¶ Was of colour bothe pale and grene
¶ And alther next was the fresh quene
¶ I mene Alcest thenoble trewe wyf
¶ And for admete how she lost her lyf
¶ And for her through yf I shall not lye
¶ How she was tozned in to a daylye
¶ There was Grisyldees Innocence
¶ And all her mekenes and pacyence
¶ There was eke Isoude and many other moo
¶ And all the tozment and the cruell woo
¶ That she had for trystram all her lyue
¶ And how that Tylbe her hert dide ryue
¶ With thylke swerd of syr Pyramus
¶ And all the maner how that Theseus

¶ The mynotaure slow amynd the hous
¶ That was forwrynked by crafte of dedalus
¶ What he was in prysoun hit in Crete
¶ And how that philles felte of loues hete
¶ The grete fyre of demephon alas
¶ And for his falshed and for his trespass.
¶ Upon the walles depeynt men myght see
¶ How she henge vpon a sylberd tree
¶ And many a story moo than I rekene can
¶ Were in the temple / and how that parys wan
¶ The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene
¶ And how achylles was for Polydene
¶ Slayn vnwardly within troye toun
¶ All this sawe I walkyng vp and doune
¶ There sawe I wret on eke the hole tale
¶ How philomene in to a nyghtyngale
¶ Tornd was / and prouyne vnto a swalowe
¶ And how the sabyngys in theyr maner halowe
¶ The feste of lucrese yet in Rome toun
¶ There sawe I also the sorow of palamon
¶ That he in prysoun felte and all the smert
¶ And how that he thurgh vnto his hert
¶ Was hurt vnwardly by castyng of an eye
¶ On fayr fresh the lusty yong Emelye
¶ And all the stryf bytweene hym and his brother
¶ And how that one faught with that other
¶ Within the groue / tyll they by theseus
¶ Accorded were as Chaucer telleth vs

¶ And furthermore as I gan beholde
 ¶ I sawe how phebus with an arowe of golde
 ¶ I wounded was thurgh out his syde
 ¶ Only by enuye of the god Cupide
 ¶ And how that diane vnto a laurer tree
 ¶ I tored was whan that he dide flee
 ¶ And how that Ioue began to chafuge his cope
 ¶ Only for loue of the fayre Europe
 ¶ And in to a bule / whan he did her sue
 ¶ Lyste of his godhed his forme to transmewe
 ¶ And how that he by transmutacyon
 ¶ The chap gan take of Amphitryon
 ¶ For Alcimena too passyng was of beaute
 ¶ Soo was he hurt for all his deyte
 ¶ With louys dart / and myght it not escape
 ¶ There sawe I also how mars was take
 ¶ Of vulcanus and with venus founde
 ¶ And with the cheynes / Inuisible bounde
 ¶ There was also all the Boelye
 ¶ Of hym Mercurye and all the Philogye
 ¶ And how that she for her sapience
 ¶ I wedded was to the god of eloquence
 ¶ And how the Muses lowly dide obeye
 ¶ Hyghe in to heuyn this lady to coueye
 ¶ And with her longe how she was magnesyed
 ¶ With Iuppyter there to be stelled
 ¶ And vppermore depaynt men myght see
 ¶ How with her ryng the goodly canace

¶ Of euery fowle / the leydous and songe
¶ Coude vnderstand as she walked theyn amonge
¶ And how her brother soo often holpen was
¶ In his mylchpief / by the stede of bras
¶ And furthermoze in the temple were
¶ Full many a thousand louers here and there
¶ As sondry wyle redy to complayne
¶ Vnto the goddesse / of her woo and payne
¶ How they were hyndred some for enuye
¶ And how the serpent of fals Iolouye
¶ Full many o louer hath put a back
¶ And causelles on them haue leyd a lack
¶ And som there were that playned on absence
¶ That were exyled and put out of presence
¶ Thurgh wycked tonges and fals suspeccon
¶ Withoute mercy or ony renuissyon
¶ And other also her scrupse spent in bayn
¶ And of her lady were not loued agayn
¶ And also other that for pouerte
¶ Dursten in nooo wyle her grete aduersyte
¶ Discouere ne open / lest they were refused
¶ And some for wantyng also were accused
¶ And also other that loued secretly
¶ And of her lady durst aske noe mercy
¶ Lest that she wolde of hym haue despyte
¶ And some also that putten right grete wyte
¶ On double louers that loue thynghes newe
¶ Thurgh whos fallenes hyndred be the trewe

¶ And same there were as it is ofte founde
 ¶ That for her lady many a bloody wounde
 ¶ Endured hath in many a regyon
 ¶ Whyles that on other hath had possession
 ¶ A. l. of his lady and bereth a way the frut
 ¶ Of his labour and of all his suyt
 ¶ And other complayned of Rychesse
 ¶ How he with tresour doth his besynesse
 ¶ To wyne ageynst all kynde and right
 ¶ Where as true louers haue noo force ne myght
 ¶ And some ther were as maydens yonge of age
 ¶ That playnen soo with pyping and with rage
 ¶ That were coupled agayn all nature
 ¶ With croked olde that may not longe endure
 ¶ For to perfourme the luste of loues playe
 ¶ For it ne sit not vnto fresche maye
 ¶ For to be coupled to olde Januarie
 ¶ They be soo dyuerse that they must varye
 ¶ For olde is grutchyng and malencolpous
 ¶ Al full of yre and suspicyous
 ¶ And yought entendeth to Joye and lustynes
 ¶ To myrth and play and to all gladnes
 ¶ Alas that euer hit shold falle
 ¶ Soo swete sugre ycoupled be to galle
 ¶ Thise yonge folke cryeden oft sythe
 ¶ And prayd venus her power to kythe
 ¶ Upon this myschyes and shape remedye
 ¶ And right anone sh herbe other crye

With sobbyng teres and pyetous sowne
To fore the goddesse by lamentacyon
That were constrayned in theyr youthe
And in childhode as is ofta couthe
Jentryd were in to relygyon
Or they had pers of discrecyon
That all her lyf can not but complayn
In wyde copes perfeccyon or to fayne
Full couertly for to coueren they smert
And she we the contrary of theyr hert
Thus sawe I wepe many a fayr mayde
That on theyr frendes all the wyte they layde
And other next I sawe there in grete rage
That they were maryed in theyr tendre age
Without fredome of free eleccyon
Where loue hath selde domynacyon
For loue at large and at lyberte
Wolde frely chese and not with suche trete
And other sawe I full ofte wepe and wrynge
That they in men fonde suche suche varyenge
To loue a season while that beaulte flourith
And after by disdayn soo vngoodly lourith
On her that whiloni he callyd his lady dere
That was to hym so pleyssaunt and entyer
But lust with fayrnes is soo ouergoon
That in her herte trouthe abydeyth noon
And some also I sawe in teres reyne
And pyetously on god and kynde pleyne

¶ That euer they wold on ony creature
 ¶ Soo moche beaute passyng by mesure
 ¶ Sette on a woman to gyue occasion
 ¶ A man to loue to his confusion
 ¶ And namely there where he shall haue noo gra
 ¶ For with a loke forth by as he dooth pace (ce
 ¶ A full ofte fallcth castyng of an eye
 ¶ A man is wounded that he must nedis deye
 ¶ That neuer perauenture after he shal her see
 ¶ Why wyll god doo soo grete a cruelte
 ¶ To ony man / or to his creature
 ¶ To make hym soo moche woo endure
 ¶ For her / percas / whom he shall in noo wyse
 ¶ Reioyse neuer / but soo forth in Iuyse
 ¶ Lede his lyf tyll that he be in his graue
 ¶ For he ne durst of hyr no mercy craue
 ¶ And also perauenture though he durst & wolde
 ¶ He can not wyte where he hyr fynde sholde
 ¶ I sawe there also / and therof had I routh
 ¶ That some were hyndred by couetyse & slouth
 ¶ And some also for theyr hastynes
 ¶ And other also for theyr rechelesnes
 ¶ But at the last as I walked and behelde
 ¶ Besyde pallas with her orystall shelde
 ¶ Tofoze the statute of venus set on heyght
 ¶ There kneled a lady in my syght
 ¶ Tofoze the goddesse / whiche as the sonne
 ¶ Passeth the sterres / and also the stormes

And luyfer to boyde the nyghtes sorowe
Aclerenes passeth erly the morowe
And soo as Maye hath the souereynthe
Of euery moneth the fayrnes and beate
And as the Rose in swetnes and odour
Surmounteth floures/and bame of all lycour
Hath the pryse/and as the rubye byght
Of all stones in beate and in syght
As it is knowe hath the Regalye
Byght soo this lady with her goddly eye
And with the stremes of hyr loke soo byght
Surmounteth all thourgh beaute in my syght
That for to tell her grete semelynes
Her womanhed her porte and her fayrnes
What was a meruayle/ho weuer that nature
Cowde in her werkes make a creature
Soo angelyk soo goodly one to see
Soo femynyn or passyng of beaute
Whos sonny she heer byghter than gold wyre
Lyche phebus beames shynnyng in his spyre
The goodlyed also yf her freshe face
Soo replenyshed of beaute and of grace
Soo well ennewed by nature and depeynt
As Rose and lylles to gyder were meynt
Soo egally by good proporcyon
That as me thought by myn inspeccyon
Igan meruaylle how god or werke of kynde
Myghten of beaute suche a tresour fynde

¶ To reuen hyr soo passyng excellence
¶ For in good fayth through her hye presence
¶ The temple was enlumyned enuyron
¶ And for to speke of her condicyon
¶ She was the beste that myght be on lyue
¶ For there was none þ with her myght stryue
¶ To speke of bounte or of gentylnesse
¶ Of womanhede or of lowlynesse
¶ Of curtesye or of goodlyhede
¶ Of speche of chere or of semelyhede
¶ Of poort benygne or of dalyaunce
¶ The best taught and therto of pleyfaunce
¶ She was the wellle also of honeste
¶ An examplayr and myrrour also was she
¶ Of secretnes of trouthe of faythfulnes
¶ And to all other lady and maysters
¶ To shewe vertue who soo lyst to here
¶ And soo this lady right humble of chere
¶ Kneling yslawe clad in grene and whyte
¶ To fore venus goddesse of all delyte
¶ Embowded all with stones and perre
¶ Soo rychely that Joye it was to see
¶ With sondry rolles on her garnement
¶ For teypowne the trouthe of her entent
¶ To shewe fully that for her humbleste
¶ And for her vertue and her stablenesse
¶ That she was rote of all womanly pleyfaunce
¶ Therfore her word withoute varyaunce

Enbrowed as men myght see
De mieulx en mieulx wish stones of perre
This is to sayne that she was soo benygne
From beter to better her hert doth relygne
And all her wyll to venus the goddelle
Whan that her lyst her harmes to redresse
For as me thought somwhat by her chere
For to complayne she had grete desyre
For in her hande she helde a lytyll bylle
For to declare the sume of all her styll
And to the goddelle her quarell for to shewe
Theffect of whiche was in wordes fewe

The coppe of the supplicacyon

Olady Venus Moder of Cupide
That all this world hast in gouernaunce
And hertes hye that hawten by pryde
Enclynest mekely to thyn obeyssaunce
Cauler of Joye Keles of penaunce
And with thy stremes canst euery thyng discernen
Thurgh heuenly fyre of loue that is eterne

Oblesefull sterre persaunt and full of lyght
Of beames gladson/deuoyder of derkenes
Chyef recomfort after the blacke nyght
To boyde wofull hertes out of theyr heuynesse
Take now good hede lady and goddelle

¶ Soo that my bylle may your grace atteyne
¶ Redresse to fynde of that I me complayne

¶ For I am bound to thyng that I nolde
¶ Frely to chese there lacke I lyberte
¶ And soo I want of that myn herte wolde
¶ The body is knyt/though my thought be free
¶ Soo thot I must of necessyte
¶ My hertes lyst outward contrarpe
¶ Though we be oon the dede must varpe

¶ My worshyp lauf I faylle eleccyon
¶ Agayn all ryght bothe of god and kynde
¶ Therto be knyt vnder subieccyon
¶ Fro whens fer both ar out of mynde
¶ My thought gooth fourth my body is behynde
¶ For I am here/and yond my remembraunce
¶ Betwene two so hange I in balance

¶ Deuoyde of Joye/of woo I haue plente
¶ What I desire that may I not possede
¶ For that I nolde is redy ay to me
¶ And that I loue/for to sue I drede
¶ To my desyre contrary is my mede
¶ And thus I stodde departed in twayne
¶ Of wyll and dede placed in a cheyne

¶ For though I brenne with feruence and hete

Within myn hert I mote complayne of colde
And by excellence though I swelte and swete
Me to complayne god wote I am not bolde
Unto no wyght nor one word vnfolde
Of all my payne alas the hard stounde
The hotter y I brenne the colder is my wounde

For he that hath myn hert faythfully
And hool my loue in all honeste
Withoute chaunge all be hit secretly
I haue no space with hym for to be
O lady verus consyder now and see
Unto the effecte and complaynt of my bylt
Syth lyt and deth I put all in thy wyll

And tho me thought the goddes did enclyne
Mekely her hede and softly gan expresse
That in thort tyme her torment shold fyne
And how of hym for whom all her distresse
Contynued had and all her heuynesse
She shold haue Joye and of her purgatozpe
Se holpen soone and so lyue forth in glozpe

And sayd doughter for thy sad trouthe
Thy faythfull uenyng and Innocence
That planted be withouten ony flouthe
In your persone deuoyde of all offence
So han attenyed to our audyence

That with our grace ye shall be well releuyd
If you behete of all that hath you greuyd

And for that ye be euer of one entent
Without chaunge or mutabilite
And in your paynes ben soo pacient
To take lowly your aduersyte
And that soo longe thurgh the cruelte
Of olde saturday my fader vnfortunyd
Your woo shall now no lenger be contyned

And thynketh this within a lytyll whyle
Hit shall alwaie and ouer passen socke
For men by lassyng passen many a myle
And ofte after a drepyng mone
The weder clereth & whan the stozme is done
The sonne shyneth in his spyre bryght
And Joye waketh whan woo is put to flyght

Remember eke how neuer yet no wyght
He cam to worshyp without som debate
And folke reioyle also moze of lyght
That they with derkenes were waped & wate
No mans chaunce is allewaie fortunate
He no wyght prayseth of sugre the swetnes
But they toforeh aue tasted bytternes

Crysyld was alayed atte full

That tozned after to encrease of Joye
Penelope gan eke for sorowes dulle
For that her lord abode so long at troye
Also the tozment there coude no man accoye
Of dozygene flour of all Bretaygne
Thus euer Joye is fyn and ende of payne

And trusteth this for conclusyon
The ende of sorow is Joye voyde of drede
For holy sayntes thurgh her passyon
Haue heuy n wonne by theyr souerayn nede
And plente gladly folowed after nede
And so my doughter after your greuaunce
If you behote yel hall haue full plesaunce

For euer of loue the maner and the gyle
Is for to hurte his seruaunt and to woude
And when he hath taught them his empyle
He can in Joye make them to habounde
And sith that ye haue in my laas be bounde
Without grutchyng or rebellyon
Ye muste of right haue consolacyon

This is to sayne dowe teth neuer a deell
That ye shall haue full possessyon
Of hym that ye now cheryll the soo well
In honest maner with oute offencyon
By cause I knowe your entencyon

E Is truly sette in party and in all
To loue hym best and moost in specyall

For he that ye haue chosen you to serue
Shall be to you suche as ye desyre
Withoute chaunge fully tyll he sterue
Soo with my bond I haue sette hym a fyre
And with my grace I shall hym enspyre
That he in herte shall be ryght at your wyll
Whether ye lyst to saue hym or to spyll

For vnto you I shall his herte so loue
Withoute spotte of ony doblenelle
That he ne shall escape from the bowe
Though that hym selfe by vntedfastnesse
I mene of cuppyde that shall hym soo distresse
Unto your hand with tharowe of golde
That he ne shall escape though he wolde

And syth ye lyst of pyte and of grace
In vertue only his youthe to cheryshe
I shall by aspecte of my benygne face
Make hym to shewe euery synne and byce
Soo that he shall haue noo maner spyce
In his corage to loue thynges newe
He shall to you soo playne be found and trewe

And whan this goodly fayr freshe of hue

Humble and benygne of trouth trof and rote
Conceptued had how venus gan to rewe
On her prayer playnly to doo bote
To chaunge her bytter attonnes in to sote
She fyll on knees of hyghe deuocyon
And in this wyle began her oryson

Hyghest of hye quene and Emperes
Goddelle of loue / of good yet the best
That thrught your beaute withoute vyce
Whylom conquered thappell atte fest
That Iubyster thrught his hye request
To all the goddes aboue celestyall
Made in his palays moost Imperyall

To you my lady vpholder of my lyf
Mekely I tanke soo as I may suffyle
That ye lyst now with herte ententyf
Soo gracypously for me to deuyle
That lyue whyle with humble sacrefyle
Upon your awters your fest yete by yete
Ihall encence caste in to the fyre

For of your grace I am full reconfyled
From euery trouble vnto Ioye and ease
That sorowes all be from me exyled
Syth ye my lady lyst now tappeale
My paynes olde and fully my disease

¶ Unto gladnes soo sodenly to forne
¶ Hauyng noo cause from hens forth to morne

¶ For sythen ye soo mekely lyst to daunte
¶ To my seruyse hym that loueth me best
¶ And of your bounte soo graciously to graunte
¶ That he ne shall varye thought hym lyst
¶ wherof my herte is fully brought to reste
¶ For now and euer o lady my benygne
¶ That hert and wyll I hooly to you resygne

¶ Thankyng you with all my full herte
¶ That of your grace and bylitacyon
¶ Soo humbly lyst hym to couerte
¶ Fully to be at my subieccyon
¶ withoute chaunge or transmutacyon
¶ Unto his last now laude and reuerence
¶ Be to your name and excellence

¶ This all and sūme and chyef of my request
¶ And hooll substance of my full entent
¶ you thankyng euer of your graunt and best
¶ Both now and euer that ye me grace sent
¶ To conquere hym that neuer shall repent
¶ Be for to serue and humbly for to please
¶ As fynall tresour of my hertes ease

¶ And thenne anone venus cast a down

In to her lappe braunches whyte and grene
Of hawthorn that went enuyron
Aboute her heed that Joye was to lene
And bad her kepe hem honestly and clene
Whiche hold not fade ne neuer were olde
If she her bidding kepe as she hath tolde

And as these bowes be bothe fayr and swete
Folowe the effecte that they doo specyfye
This to sayne bothe in cold and hete
Be ye of one hert and of one fantasye
As are these leues whiche many not dye
By no duresse of stormes that ben kene
Romore in wynter than in somer grene

Right so by ensample of wele or woo
For Joye torment or for aduersyte
Whether soo fortune fauour or be foo
For pouert ryches or prosperyte
That ye your hert kepe in one degre
To loue hym best for no thyng that ye fayne
Whom I haue bound so low vnder your chayne

And with þis word the goddesse shoke her hede
And was in pees and spake as tho nomore
And therewith all full fenynyn of drede
He thought this lady syghen gan full soze
And sayd agayn lady that mayst restore

Erttes in Joye from theyr aduerfitye
To do your wyll be mieulx en mieulx ma gree

Thus euer fleepyng dremyng as I laye
Within the temple me thought I laye
Gret pzees of folke murmure wunderfull
To croude and shoue the temple was soo full
Eueryche full befy in oʒne caufe
That I ne mayf hoxtly in a claufe
Difcryuen all the rytes and the guyle
And eke I wante connyng to deuyfe (ke.
How fone there were with blood encence & myl
And fone with floures fote & fofte as fylke
And fone with fparowes and doves whyte
That foz to offren gan hem delyte
Unto the goddeffe with fyghe and prayer
Hem to relefe of that they moofl delyre
That foz the pzees fhortly to conclude
I went my waye foz the multytude
He foz to refrellhe out of the pzees alone
And by my felfe me thought as I gan goone
Within the eftres and gan a whyle tarpe
I fawe a man that walked all folytarpe
That as me femeth foz heuynes and dole
Hym to compleyne that he walked fo fole
Withoute elpyeng of ony other wyght
And yf I fhall difcryue hym aryght
If that he had not be in heuynes

¶ He thought he was to speke of semelynes
¶ Of shap of fournie/and also of stature
¶ The most passyng/that euer yet nature
¶ Made in her werkes/and lyke to be a man
¶ And therewith all as I reherce can
¶ Of face and chere the moost gracypous
¶ To be byloured happy and ewrous
¶ But as it semed out ward by his chere
¶ That he complayned for lacke of his desyre
¶ For by hym selfe as he walked by and down
¶ I herde hym make a lamentacyon
¶ And sayd alas/what thyng may this be
¶ That now am bounde that whiloni was fre
¶ And went at large at myn eleccon
¶ Now am I caught vnder subieccon
¶ For to become a very homagere
¶ To god of loue/where o I can here
¶ Felte in myn herte/nought of loues payne
¶ But now of new/within her firy chayne
¶ I am enbrased soo that I maye not stryue
¶ To serue and loue while I am on lyue
¶ The goodly freshe in the temple yonder
¶ I sawe right now/that I had wonder
¶ How euer god/for to reke all
¶ Myght make a thyng soo celestyall
¶ Soo angelyke on erthe to appere
¶ For within the stremes of her eyentlere
¶ I am wounded euen to the hert

That fro the deth I may not astert
 And moost I meruayle that soo sodeynly
 I was soo yelde to be at her mercy
 whether that she lyst me to lyue or deye
 withoute moze / I must her lust obeye
 And take mekely my sodeyn auenture
 For syth my lyf / my deth / andeke my cure
 Is in her hand it wyl not auaylle
 To grutche agayn / for of this bataylle
 The palme is hers / and playnly the victoꝝye
 If I rebelled honour none ne gloꝝye
 I myght not in ony wyse acheue
 Syth I am yelden / howshold I thenne preue
 To renne awaye / I wote hit wyl not be
 Though I be long / at large I may not flee
 O god of loue how sharpe is now thyne arrowe
 How mayst thou now soo cruelly & soo narrowe
 withoute cause hurte me and wounde
 And takest none hede my sorowes to founde
 But lyke a byrde that fleeth at her desyre
 Tyll sodeynly within the pantyre
 She is caught though late she was at large
 A newe tempest forcasteth now my barge
 Now bp now down / with wynde it is so blowe
 Soo am I posseed and almost ouerthrowe
 For dryue in derkenes of many sondry wave
 Alas whan shall this tempest ouerdraue
 To clere the skyes of myn aduersite

The lode sterre what that I ne may see
Hit is soo hyd with clowdes that be blacke
Alas whan wyll this tozment ouerlacke
I can not wyte / for who is hurt of newe
And bledeth inward tyl he were pale of hue
And hath his wound wardly freshe & grene
And hit is not knowe vnto the harmes kene
Of myghty cuppyde th at can soo hertes daunte
That no man may in his warre hym baunte
To gete a pryce but oonly by mekenes
For there ne bayleth stryue ne sturdynes
Soo maye I saye that with a lode am yolde
And haue no power to stryue though I wolde
Thus stonde I euer betwix lyf and deth
To loue and serue whyle I haue bzyeth
In suche a place where I dare not playne
Lyke hym that is in tozment and in payne
And knoweth not to whom to discure
For there that I haue holy set my cure
I dare not well for drede ne for daunger
And for vnkowen tellen how the fyre
Of loues bronde is kyndled in my breste
Thus am I murdred and slayn atte leste
Soo pryuely within my thought
Olady bennis whom I haue sought
Soo wyshe me now what me is best to doo
That am distraught with my selfe loo
That I ne wote what waye for to tozne

¶ Sauf by my selfe soleyn for to moyne
¶ Hangyng in balance betwix hope and drede
¶ without comforte remedye or rede
¶ for hope biddeth pursue and assaye
¶ And agaynward drede answerth naye
¶ And now with hope I am set a lotte
¶ But drede and daunger hard & nothyng softe
¶ Hath ouerthrowe my trust and put a down
¶ Now at my large / now fetred in prysoun
¶ Now in tozment / now in souerayn glozpe
¶ Now in paradyse and now in purgatozpe
¶ As man dyspayred in a double werre
¶ Bozne bp with hope / & thenne anone daunger
¶ He draweth a backe / and sayth it shall not be
¶ For where as I of myne aduerlyte
¶ Am bolde somwhyle mercy to requyre
¶ Thenne cometh dyspair & begynneth me to lere
¶ A newe lesson to hope full the contrarpe
¶ They ben soo dyuerse they wyll do me varye
¶ And thus I stande dismayed in a traunce
¶ For whan hope were lykly me tauaunce
¶ For drede I tremble & dare one word not speke
¶ And yf hit soo be / that I not out breke
¶ To tell the harmes that greuen me soo soze
¶ But in my selfe lencrece them moze and moze
¶ And to be slayn fully me delyte
¶ When of my deth she is noo thyng to wyte
¶ For but yf she the constreynt playnly knowe

How shold she euer / on my paynes rue
Thus oft tyme with hope I am meuyd
To tell her all / how I am greuyd
And to be hardy on me for to take
To aske mercy / but drede doth me thene awake
And thenne wanhope answereth me agayn
That better were that she haue disdayne
To depe attones vnknownen of ony wyght
And therwith all biddeth hope anone ryght
Me / to be bolde and praye her of grace
And syth all vertues be portreyd in her face
Hit were not syttyng / that pryte were behynde
And right anone within my selfe I fynde
A newe plee brought on me with drede
That me soo maseeth that I see noo spede
By cause he sayd that stonyeth all my blood
I am soo symple and she is soo good
Thus hope and drede in me wyll not seace
To plete and stryue my harmes to encrease
But at hardest yet or I be dede
Of my distresse syth I can noo rede
But stande down styll as ony stone
To fore the goddesse I wyll me haste anone
And complayne withoute more sermon
Though deth be fyn and full conclusyon
Of my request / yet I wyll assaye
And right anone me thought I saye
This woofull man as I haue memoire

For in my hert enprynted is soo soze
Her chap her forme and all her semelynes
Her porte her chere/ her godenes more & more
Her womanhed and eke her gentylnes
Her trouth/ her fayth and her kynndnes
With all vertues eche set in her degree
Ther is noo lacke/ lauyng oonly of pyte

Her sad demenyng of wyll not varyable
Of loke benygne/ and rote of all plesaunce
And exemplayre to all that wyll be stable
Discrete prudente of wysdom suffysaunce
My prour of wytte ground of gouernaunce
A world of beaute compassed in her face
Whos persant loke doth thurgh my hert race

And ouer this wonder secrete and true
A well of fredome and right bounteous
And euer encrecyng in vertue new and newe
Of speche goodly/ and wonder gracypous
Deuoyde of pryde/ to poure not dyspytous
And yf that I shortly shall uot feyne
Saue bpon mercy I noo thyng complyne

What wonder thenne/ thought I be with drede
Inly supplied for to axen grace
Of her that is quene of womanhede
For well I wote in soo hyghe a place

¶ Hit wyll not be / therfore I ouer pace
¶ And take lowly what woo I endure
¶ Tyll he of gyte me take to her cure

¶ But one auowe playnly here I make
¶ That whether soo be / she doo me lyf or deye
¶ I wyll not grutche / but humbly hit take
¶ And tanke god and wyllfully obeye
¶ For by my trowth my hert shall neuer reneye
¶ For lyf ne deth mercy ne daunger
¶ Of wyll and thought to be at her desyre

¶ To ben as trewe as euer was Antonyus
¶ To Cleopatre while hym lasted bzyeth
¶ Or on to Chesbe yong Pyranus (deth)
¶ That was faythfull found / tyll theym deyped
¶ Right so shall I tyll Antropos me sleeth
¶ For wele or woo her faythful man be fougð
¶ Unto my last / lyke as my hert is bound

¶ To loue as well as dyde Achylles
¶ Unto his laste the fayre Polixene
¶ Or as the grete famous Hercules
¶ For dianyre that felte the shott kene
¶ Right so shall I laye right as I mene
¶ Wyle that I lyue / her bothe drede and serue
¶ For lacke of mercy though she doo me sterue

Full lowly entre in to an ozatoꝝye
And kneled adoun in full humble wyse
To foze the goddesse and gan anone deuylse
His pyteous quarell with a dolefull chere
Sayeng right thus as ye lhall here

The complaynte of the man

Redresse of sorowe **O** Citherea
That with the stremes of thy plesant hete
Gladest the Hounte of all Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whos bygght beames ben wellhen and wete
In the Ryuer of Elycon the welle
Hauē now pyte of that **I** shall yow telle

And not disdayne ye of your benygnyte
My mortall woo **O** lady myn Goddesse
Of grace and bounte and mercyfull pyte
Benygnely to helpe and to redresse
And though soo be **I** can not well expresse
The greuous harmes that **I** fele in my herte
Hauē neuer yet the lesse mercy of my smerte

This is to sayne **O** clere heuens lyght
That next the sonne sercled haue your spere
Syth ye me hurte with your dredfull nyght

By infulgence of your beames clere
And that I by your scruple now soo dere
As ye me brought in to his maladye
Be ye gracyous and shape ye remedye

Foꝛ in you hooly lyeth helpe of all this care
And knowe best my sorowe and all my payne
Foꝛ drede of deth how I ne dare alas
To axen mercy ones ne me complayne
Now with your fyre hert soo constrayne
Withoute moze oꝛ I deye atte laste
That she may wyte what is my requeste

How I noo thyng in all this world desyre
But foꝛ to serue fully to myn ende
That goodly fresshe soo womanly of chere
Withoute chaunge while I haue lyfe & mynde
And that ye wold suche grace sende
Of my scruple that she not disdeyne
Sythen her to serue I may not me restreyne

And syth that hope me hath yeue yeue hardynes
To loue her best and neuer to repente
Whiles that I lyue with all my besynes
To drede & serue though daunger neuer assente
And here vpon ye knowe myn entente
How I haue bowed fully in my mynde
To be her man though I noo mercy fynde

E Now lady venus to whom no thyng unknowe
I s in the world hyde/ne nought may be
F or there nys thyng neyther hye ne lowe
M ay be counceled from your pryuate
F ro whom my meuyng is not now secree
B ut wyte fully that myn entent is true
A nd lyke my trouthe now on my payne rue

F or more of grace than of presumpcyon
I axe mercy/and noo thyng of dute
O f lowly humbles/withoutte offencyon
T hat ye encygne of your benygnyte
Y our audyence vnto my humplyte
T o graunt me that to you I clepe and calle
S ome daye relees yet of my paynes alle

A nd sythe ye haue the gaderdon and the mede
O f all louers pleyndly in your honde
N ow of grace and pyte take ye hede
O f my distres/that am vnder your bonde
S oo lowly bounde/as ye well vnderstonde
I n that place where I toke fyrst my wounde
O f pyte suffre ye my helth may be founde

T hat lyke as she me hurte with a syght
H ight soo with helth lete me her sustene
A nd as the stremes of her eyen byght
W hylom my hert with woundes sharp & kene

Thnrgh perled haue and yet be freshe & grene
Soo as she me hurte/lete her me socour
Oz ellys certayn I may not long endure

For lacke of speche I can say you noo moze
I haue mater but I can not playne
My wytte is dull to tell all my soze
A mouth I haue/and yet for all my payne
For want of wordes I may not now attayne
Totell half/that dothe my hert greue
Mercy abydyng/tyll she me lyst releue

But this theeffect of my mater fynall
With deth oz mercy relees for to fynde
For hert body thought lyf lust and all
Wyth all my reson and all my full mynde
And fyue wyttes of one assent I bynde
To her seruyse with oute ony stryf
And make her pryncesse of my deth oz lyf

And now I pray of reuth and eke pyte
O goodly planet/o lady venus bryght
That ye your sone of his deyte
Cupide I mene that with his dredfull myght
And with his byond that is soo clere of lyght
Herte soo to fyre and to marke
As ye me whylom brent wit a sparke

¶ That lyke wyle and with the same fyre
¶ She may be hit/as I now brenne and mette
¶ Soo that her herte be flāmed with desyre
¶ That she may knowe by feruēce how I swelte
¶ For pyte playnly yf she felte
¶ The selfe hete that dooth myn hert embrace
¶ I hope of reuth she wyll doo me grace

¶ And there with all Venus as me thought
¶ Towardes this man ful benygne
¶ Can cast her eye/lyke as that she rought
¶ Of his disease/and sayed full goodly
¶ Syth it is soo/that thou soo humbly
¶ Withoute grutchyng our hestes lyst obeye
¶ Toward thyn helpe I wyll anone pourueye

¶ And also my sone Cupide that is soo blynde
¶ He shall be helyng fully to performe
¶ Your hole desyre/that noo thyng be behynde
¶ He shall be leste/soo we shall reforme
¶ This pyteous cōplaynt/þ maketh þ to moorne
¶ That she for whom þ sorowest moost in hert
¶ Shall thurgh her mercy relece all thy smert

¶ Whan she seeth tyme/thurgh our purueaūce
¶ Be not to hasty/but suffre all thyng wele
¶ For in abydyng/thurgh lowly obeyssaunce
¶ Lyeth full redres/of all that ye now fele

And she shall be as trewe as ony stele
To you alone/by our myght and grace
If yelyst mekely abyde a lytyll space

But vnderstande ye that all her cherisynge
Shall be grounded vpon honeste
That noo wyght shall by ony rehercyng
Deme amys of her in noo degre
For neyther mercy/reuth/noo pyte
She shall not haue ne take of the none hede
Ferther than longeth vnto her womanhede

Be not astonyed of noo wylfulnes
Ne not despeyred of this dissolucyon
Lete reson bydle lust by burunnes
Withoute grutchyng or rebellyon
For Ioye I shall folowe all this passyon
For who can suffre tozment and endure
Ne maye not faylle/but folowe I shall his cure

For to fore alle she shall the loue best
Soo shall I her withoute offencyon
By Influence enspyre in her brest
In honest wyle with full entencyon
For tenclyne by clene affeccyon
Sher hert fully on the to haue reuthe
By cause I knowe that thou inenest treuthe

¶ Goo now to hyr where as stant a syde
¶ With humble chere/and put the in her grace
¶ And all befoze lete hope be thy guyde
¶ And though that drede wold with the pace
¶ Hit sytteth well/ but loke that thou arace
¶ Out of thyn hert wanhope and dispeyr
¶ To her ptesence er thou haue repeyr

¶ And mercy fyrst shal thy waye make
¶ And honest menyng afoze doo thy message
¶ To make pyte in her herte awake
¶ And secretnes to further thy byage
¶ With humble porte to her that is soo sage
¶ Shall meanes be/and I my selfe also
¶ Shall the fortune/or thy tale be doo

¶ Goo forth aonne/and be right good of chere
¶ For specheles noo thyng may you spede
¶ Be good of trust and be noo thyng in were
¶ Syth I my selfe shall helpen in this nede
¶ Foratte lest of her goodly hede
¶ She shall to the her audyence enclyne
¶ And lowly to her tyll thou thy tale fyne

¶ For well thou wost yf I shall not feyne
¶ Withoute speche thou mayst no mercy haue
¶ For who that wyl of his pryue peyne
¶ Fully be cured his lyf to helpe and saue

¶ He must mekely out of his hert graue
¶ Discure his wounde and shewe hit his leche
¶ Or ellys deye for defaute of speche

¶ For he that is in mischyeve reklees
¶ To seche helpe I holde hym a wretche
¶ And she ne may thyn hert byng in pees
¶ But yf thy cummynt to hyr hert stretch
¶ Woldest thou be cured and wylt no salve fetch
¶ Hit wyl not be / for noo wyght may atteyne
¶ To come to blyss / yf he lyst lyue in payne

¶ Therefore attones god forth in humble wyle
¶ To fore thy lady and lowly knele and a doun
¶ And in all trouthe thy wordes soo deuple
¶ That she on the haue compassyon
¶ For she that is of soo hye renoun
¶ In all vertues as quene and souerayn
¶ Of womanhede shall rue on thy payn

¶ And whan the goddes this lesson had tolde
¶ Aboute me soo I gan beholde
¶ Right soo astonyed stode in a traunce
¶ To see the maner and countenaunce
¶ And all the chere of this wofull man
¶ That was of hue dedly pale and wan
¶ With drede suppressd in his owne thought

Making chere as though he rought nought
 Of lyf ne deth ne what soo hym betyde
 Soo moche fere he had on euery syde
 To put hym forth for to tell his payne
 Unto his lady/other to complayne
 What woo he lete torment or disese
 What dedely sorowe his hert dide lese
 For reuthe of whiche his woodes I endyte
 My penne I fele quake as I wryte
 Of hym I had soo grete compassyon
 For to reherce his weymentacyon
 That vnnethe though with my selfe I stryue
 I want connyng his paynes to discryue
 Alas to whom shall I for helpe calle
 Not to the muses for cause they ben alle
 Helpe of right in Joye and not in woo
 And in maters that they delyte also
 Wherfore they nyll as now dyrecte my style
 Nor me enspyre alas the hard whyle
 I can noo further but to Thesiphon
 And to her suster to calle helpe vpon
 Thht be goddesses of torment and payne
 Now lete your ters in to myn ynke reyne
 With woofull wordes my paper for to blotte
 This woofull mater to peynt not/ but spotte
 To tell the maner of this dredeful man
 Upon his complaynt whan he fyrst began
 To tell his lady whan he gan declare

This hyd sorowes / and his enyll fare
That is herte constreyned soo sore
The effect of whiche was this withoute more

Princesse of youthe and flour of gentylnes
Example of vertue ground of curtesye
Of beaute rote quene and eke maystres
To all wpymen how they shall hem gye
And sothfast myrrour reuerenplyfe
The right way of porte and of womanhede
What I shall saye / of mercy take ye hede
Besechyng fyrst vnto your hye nobles
With quakyng herte of my Inward drede
Of grace and pyte and not of rightwysnes
Of very rcuthe to helpen this nede
This is to say I well of goodlyhede
That I ne recke though ye doo me deye
Soo ye lyst fyrst to here what I seye

The dredefull stroke the grete force & myght
Of good Cupide that noo man may rebell
Soo Inwardly thurgh out my hert right
Iperced hath that I ne may councele
Myn hyd wound ne I ne may apele
Unto noo gretter / this myghty god soo faste
You to serue hath me bound vnto my laste

That hert and all withoute stryf ar yolde

¶ For yf or deth to your scruple alone
¶ Right as the goddesse myghty Venus wolde
¶ Tofoze her mekely whau I made my mone
¶ She me constreyned withoute chaunge anone
¶ To your scruple and neuer for to fayne
¶ wherso euer ye lyst to doo me ease or payne

¶ So that I can noo thyng but mercy crye
¶ Of you my lady/and chaunge for noo newe
¶ That yelyst goodly tofoze or that I deye
¶ Of very reuthe vpon my paynes knewe
¶ For by my trouthe/and ye my paynes knewe
¶ What is the cause of myne aduersyte
¶ On myn dysese ye wold haue pyte

¶ For vnto you trewe and eke secree
¶ I wyll be founde to serue as I best can
¶ And therwith all as lowly in eche degre
¶ To you be alone as euer yet was man
¶ Vnto his lady from the tyme I began
¶ And shall soo forth withouten any slouth
¶ Whiles that I lyue/by god and by my trouthe

¶ For leuer I had to deye sodeynly
¶ Than yeu offence in ony maner wyse
¶ And suffre paynes inward pryuely
¶ Than my scruple as now ye shold dyspyse
¶ For I right nought wyll axe in noo wyse

I But for your seruau^t ye wold me accepte
And whan I trespase / goodly me co^recte

And for to graunte of mercy the prayer
Only of grace and womanly pyte
From day to day that I myght lere
You for to plese / and therwith all that ye
Whan I doo mys / lyst for to teche me
In your seruple how that I may amende
From henfforth and neuer you offende

For vnto me hit doth ynough suffyse
That for your man ye wold me receyue
Fully to be as ye lyst deuyle
And as ferforth as my wyttes can conceyue
And therwith all lyke as ye p^reuē
That I be true / to guerdone me of grace
Or ellys to punyshe after my trespase

And yf soo be that I may not atteyne
Unto your mercy / yet graunte atte leste
In your seruple for all my woo and payne
That I may deyen after my behestē
This is all and lome the fyn of my request
Either with mercy your seruau^t to saue
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

And whan this benygne of her entente true

Conceyued hath the complaynt of this man
Bright as the fressherody Rose newe
Of her colour to wepen she began
Her blood astonyed soo from her hert it ran
In to her face of very femynte
Thurgh honest drede aballhed was she

And humbly she began her eyen caste
Towardes hym of hyr benygnyte
Soo that noo word by her lyppes paste
For hast nor drede mercy ne pyte
For soo deniened she was in honeste
That vndeuyled noo thyng fro her stert
Soo moche of reson was compassed in hert

Tyll atte last of whiche she did abrayd
Whan she his trouthe and menyng did fele
And vnto hym full goodly spake and sayd
Of your behest and your menyng welle
And your seruyse soo faythfull euery dele
Whiche vnto me soo lowly now ye offre
With all my hert / I thanke you of your profer

That for soo moche your entent is sette
Only in vertue I byddled vnder drede
Ye must of right nedis fare the bet
Of your rebuest / and the better spede
But as for me I may of womanhede

T Foo ferther graunte to you in myn entente
Than as my lady Venus wyll assente

T For she well knoweth I am not at my large
To doon right nought but by her ordinaunce
T Soo am I drowned vnder her dredefull charge
T Her lyst tobbeye withoute varyaunce
T But for my parte soo hit be plesaunce
T Unto the goddesse for trouth in your empyse
T I you accepte fully to my scruple

T For she my herte hath in subieccyon
T whiche hooly is yours and neuer shall repente
T In thought nor dede in myn eleccyon
T wytnes on Venus that knoweth myn entent
T Fully to beye hyr dome and Iugement
T Soe as hyr lyst dispose and ordeyne
T Right as she knoweth þy trougt of vs tweyne

T For vnto the tyme that Venus lyst prouyde
T To shape awaye for our hertes ease
T Both ye and I mekely must abyde
T To take at gree and not of our diseale
T To grutche agayn tyll that she lyst tappeale
T Our hyd woo soo I nly that constreyneth
T From day to day and our hertes peyneth

T For in abydyng of woo and all affraye

Who soo can suffre is founden remedye
And for the beste full ofte is made delaye
Er man behelde of theyr maladye
Wherfore as Venus lyt this mater to gye
Lete vs agree/and toke all for the best
Tyll her lyst/lette bothe our hertes in rest

For she is that byndeth and can constreyn
Hertes in one/ this fortunat planete
And can releace louers of her payne
To turne fully her bytter in to swete
Now blyssfull goddess down fro thy sterre lete
Us to fortune cast your stremes thene
Lyke as ye knowe/that we trowth mene

And therwith all as I myn eyen caste
For to perceyue the maner of thesel weyne
Tofore the goddesse mekely as they paste
He thought I sawe with a golden cheyne
Venus/anone embrace and constreyn
Her bothe hertes in one/for to perleu
Whyles that they lyue/and neuer to disseuere

Seyng right thus with a benygne cere
Syth it is soo/ye be vnder my myght
My wyll is thus/that ye my doughter dere
Full accepte this man as it is right
Unto your grace anone here in my syght

¶ That euer hath ben soo lowly you to serue
¶ Hit is good skyll your thanke that he deserue

¶ Your honour fauf and also your womanhede
¶ Hym to cheryll he hit sytteth you right wele
¶ Syth he is bounde vnder hope and drede
¶ Amyd my cheyne that forged is of stele
¶ Ye must of mercys hape that ye fele
¶ In you some grace of his long seruyse
¶ And that in hast lyke as I shall deuyse

¶ This is to say that ye take hede
¶ How he to you oft saythfull it and true
¶ Of all your seruaūts / & no thyng for his mede
¶ Of you ne asketh / but ye on hym rue
¶ For he bowed hath to chaūge for noo newe
¶ For lyf ne deth / for Joye ne for payne
¶ As to be yours / soo as ye lyst oꝝ dayne

¶ Wherfore ye muste oꝝ eles it were wronge
¶ Unto your grace fully hym receyue
¶ In my pꝛesence / by cause he hath soo longe
¶ Hooly ben yours / as ye may conceyue
¶ That from your mercy / yf ye hym weyue
¶ I wyll my selfe recoꝝde cruelte
¶ In your persone / and grete lacke of pyte

¶ Lete hym for his trouth fynde thenne agayn

¶ For longe seruyse / guerdon hym with grace
¶ And late your pyte wepe down his payn
¶ For tyme is now daunger to arace
¶ Dute of your hert / and mercy in to space
¶ And loue for loue wold well beleme
¶ To yeue agayn and this I playnly deme

¶ And as for hym I wyll be his bozowe
¶ Of lowlyhede and bely attendaunce
¶ How he shall be bothe eue and mozowe
¶ Full dilygent to doon his obseruaunce
¶ And euer awaytyng / you to doo pleyssaunce
¶ wherfore my lone / lysten and take hede
¶ Fully to beye / as I shall the rede

¶ And fyrst of all my wyll is that thou be
¶ Faythfull in hert and constant as a wall
¶ True humble / meke / and therwith all secre
¶ Withoute chaunge in partye oz in all
¶ And for noo torment that the fallen shall
¶ Tempest the not / but euer in stedfastnes
¶ Kote thyn herte / and boyde doublenes

¶ And ferthermore haue in reuerence
¶ These wymen all for thy lady sake
¶ And suffre neuer that men hem doo offence
¶ For loue of one / but euermore vndertake
¶ Hem to defende whether they slepe oz wake

¶ And ay be redy to holden theym partye
¶ Apenstall tho that to hem haue enuye

¶ Be curteys ay and lowly of thy speche
¶ To ryche and poure ay freshe and well besyn
¶ And euer besy wayes for to seche
¶ All true louers to releace of her payne
¶ Syth þ art one / & of noo wyght haue disdayn
¶ For loue hath power hertes for to daunte
¶ And neuer for cherysng the tomoche auaunt

¶ Be lusty eke boyd of all trystesse
¶ And take noo thought but euer be Iocund
¶ And not to pensyf for none heuynes
¶ And with thy gladnes / lete sadnes ay be found
¶ Whā woo approcheth / lete myrthe most habūd
¶ As manhod areth / and though thou fele smert
¶ Lete not to many knowe of thyn hert

¶ And alle vertues besely thou sue
¶ Wyces eschewe for the loue of one
¶ And for noo tales thyn hert not renewe
¶ Word is but wynd that shall soon ouergoone
¶ What euer thou here be dombe as ony stoon
¶ And to answere to soone / not the delyte
¶ For here she standeth þ al this shal the quyte

¶ And whether thou be absent oz in ptesence

¶ None others beaute lete in thy hert myne
¶ Syth I haue yee hyr of beaute excellence
¶ Aboue all other in vertue for to hyne
¶ And thynke how in fyre me am wont to fyne
¶ This pured gold to put hit in assaye
¶ Soo to the proue / thou art put in delaye

¶ But tyme shal come thou shalt for thy suffraunce
¶ Be well apayd and take for thy mede
¶ Thy lyues Joye and all thy suffysaunce
¶ Soo that good hope alwaye thy byrdell lede
¶ Lete noo dyspeyr hyndre the with drede
¶ But ay thy trust vpon her mercy grounde
¶ Syth none but she may thy sorowe sounge

¶ Eche hour and tyme / weke / day / and yere
¶ Be lyke faythfull and vary not for lyte
¶ Abyde a while and then of thy delyre
¶ The tyme nygheth that shall the most delyte
¶ And lete noo sorowe in thy hert byte
¶ For noo differryng / syth thou for thy mede
¶ Shall reioyse in peas the flour of womanhede

¶ Thynke how she is this worldis sonne & lyght
¶ The sterre of beaute the floure eke of fayrnes
¶ Bothe crop and rose and eke the rubye bryght
¶ Hertes to glade / ytroubled with derkenes
¶ And how I haue made hez thye hertese impresse

¶ Be glad therfore to be vnder her bonde
¶ Now come nere doughter and take hym by the
(bonde)

¶ Unto this fyn that after all these shours
¶ Of his tozmeut he maye be glad and lyght
¶ Whan by your grace ye take hym to be yours
¶ For euermore anone here in my syght
¶ And eke I wyll also as hit is right
¶ Withoute more his langour for to lyffe
¶ In my pzeſence anone that ye hym kyſſe

¶ That there maye be of all your old ſinertes
¶ A full relees vnder Joye aſſured
¶ And that one locke be of your bothe hertes
¶ Shet with my keye of gold ſoo well pured
¶ Only in ſygne that ye haue recured
¶ Your hooll deſyre here in this holy place
¶ Within my temple now in the pere of grace

¶ Eternally be bounde of aſſuraunce
¶ The knot is knyght that maye not be vnbounde
¶ That all the goddes of this allyaunce
¶ Saturne/Ioue/and Mars as it is founde
¶ And eke Cupide that fyrſt did you wounde
¶ Shall bere recorde/and euermore be wreke
¶ On whiche of you/ his trouth fyrſt breke

¶ Soo that by aspectes of theyr fyry lokes

Without mercy shall falle the vengeaunce
For te be raced clene out of my bokes
On whiche of you be found of vanyaunce
Therefore attones sette your plesaunce
Fully to be while ye haue lyf and mynde
Of one accorde vnto your lyues ende

That yf the spiryte of newf anglenes
In ony wyle your hertes wold assaylle
To meue oz styre to byng in doublenes
Upon your trouth to gyue a bataylle
Let not your corage ne your force faylle
For none assaultes you flytten oz remeue
For bnaillayed noo man may trouth preue

For whyte is whytter yf it be sette by blacke
And swete is swetter after bytternes
And fallshed euer is dryuen and putte abacke
Where trouthe is rote d withoute
Withoute proue there may be noo sekernes
Of loue oz hate and therfore of you i woo
Shall loue be more for hit was bought w woo

And euery thyng is had more in deute
And more of pryce whan it is dere bought
And eke loue stondesth more in seurte
Whan it is tofore with payne woo & thought
Conquered was fyrst whan hit was sought
And cuery conquest hath his excellence
In his poursute as it ifyndeth refysence

¶ And soo to you moze sote and agreable
¶ Shall loue be founde I doo you playnly assure
¶ Withoute grutchyng that ye were sufferable
¶ Soo lowe soo meke pacyently to endure
¶ That all attones I shall doo now my cure
¶ For now and euer you hertes soo to bynde
¶ That nought but deth shall the knot vnbynde

¶ Now in this mater what shold I lenger dwelle
¶ Come ye attones and doo as I haue sayd
¶ And fyrst my doughter that are of bouite welle
¶ In hert and thought be glad and well apayd
¶ To doo hym grace that shall and hath obeyd
¶ Your lustes euer and I wyll for his sake
¶ Of trouth to you be bounde and vndertake

¶ And soo forth within ptesence as they stond
¶ Tofoze the goddes this fayre and wele
¶ Her humble seruaunt toke goodly by the hond
¶ As he tofoze her mekely dyd knele
¶ And kyssed hym after fulfylling euery dele
¶ From poynt to poynt in full thryfty wyle
¶ As ye to forn had Venus herd deuple

¶ Thus is this man to Joye and all plesauce
¶ From heuynes and from his paynes olde
¶ Full reconeyled and hath full suffysaunce
¶ Of her that euer ment well and wolde
¶ That in good fayth and I tell sholde
¶ The Inward myrthes dyd her hertes brace

For all my lyf to tell / it were to lytyll space

For he hath wonne hyr that he loueth best

And he to grace hath take hym of pyte

And thus her hertes ben bothe set in rest

Withoute chaunge oz mutabylte

And Venus hath of her benygnyte

Confermed all what shall I lenger tary

These tweyne in one and neuer to vary

That for the Joye in the temple aboute

Of this acorde by grete solemnyte

Was laude and honour within and withoute

Gyue to Venus / and to the deyte

Of god Cupide / soo that Caliope

And all her sustren in her Armonye

Swete with theyr songes y goddys to magnifye

And all attones with notes loude and sharpe

They dyd her honour and her reuerence

And Orpheus among them with his harpe

Can strynges touche with his dilygence

And Amphion that hath suche excellence

Of musyke ay dyde his besynesse

To please and quene Venus the goddesse

Only for cause of the affynyte

Betwix these twoo not lusty to disseuere

And euery louer of lowe and hie degre

Can Venus praye frothens forth and euër

That hool of theyn the loue may perseuere
Withouten ende in suche wyle as they gonne
And moze encrece that hit of hard was wonne

And the goddes het yng this request
As she that knewe the clene entencion
Of bothe theym twayne made a byhest
Perpetuelly by confyrmacyon
Whyles they lyue of one affeccyon
They shall endure there is noo moze to sayne
That neyther shall haue mater to complayne

Soo ferforth euermoze in our eternall see
The goddes haue in our pzelence
Fully deuyled thurgh theyr deyte
And hooly concluded by her Influence
That by theyr myght and Iuste prudence
The loue of hem by grace and eke fortune
Withoute chaurge shall euermoze contune

Of whiche graunt the Temple enuyron
Thurgh hye comfozt of theym þ were pzelent
Anone was goon with a melodyous sowne
In name of tho that trouth in loue mente
A balade newe in full good entent
Tofore the goddes with notes loude and clere
Syngyng right this anone as yeshall here

Fayrest of sterres that with your persaut lyght
And with the cherylyng of your streames clere

Caufen in loue hertes to be lyght
Only by shynnyng of your glad spere
Now laude and pryce O Venus lady dere
Be to your name that haue withoute synne
This man fortunèd his lady for to wyne

Willy planete O desperus soð bygght
That wofull hertes can appele and stere
And euer are redy by your grace and myght
To helpe all tho that bye loue soo dere
And haue power hertes to sette on fyre
Honour to you of all that ben here Inne
That haue this man his lady made to wyne

O myghty godeſſe day ſterre after nyght
Gladynge the moꝛowe whan ye doo appere
To boyde derkenes by freſhnes of your lyght
Only with twynklynge of your pleaſant chere
To you we thanke louers that ben here
That ye this man and neuer for to twynne
Fortunèd haue his lady for to wyne

And with the noyse and heuenly melodye
With that they made in her armonye
Thurgh out the temple for this mans sake
Out of my ſlepe anone I dyde awake
And for aſtonyed knewe as tho noo rede
For ſodeyn chaũge oppreſſed with drede
My thought was caſt in a traunce
So o clene away was tho my remembraunce

¶ Of all my dreame wherof frete thought & woo
¶ I had in herte and nyght what was to doo
¶ For heuynnes for that I had lost the syght
¶ Of her that I all the long nyght
¶ Had dreamed of in myn aduysyon
¶ Wherof I made grete lamentacyon
¶ By cause I had neuer in myn lyf befor
¶ Sawe none soo fayre syth that I was born
¶ For loue of whom soo as I can endyte
¶ I purpose here to make and wryte
¶ A lytyll treatyle and processe make
¶ In pryce of wymen oonly for her sake
¶ Hem to comende as it is skyll and right
¶ For her goodnes with all my myght
¶ Prayeng to her that is soo bounteuous
¶ Soo full of vertue and soo gracyous
¶ Of womanhede and mercyfull pyte
¶ This symple treatyle for to take in gre
¶ Tyll I haue leyzer vnto her hye renoun
¶ For to expowne my forsayd vysyon
¶ And tell in playn the signefyaunce
¶ As it cometh to my remembraunce
¶ Soo that here after my lady may hit loke
¶ How goo thy waye thou lytyll rude boke
¶ To her ptesence as I the comaunde
¶ And fyrst of all thou me recomaunde
¶ Vnto hyr and to her excellence
¶ And praye to hyr hit be none offence
¶ If ony word in the be myssayd
¶ Belechynng her she be not euyll apayd

For as her lyst I wyll the este correcte
whan that her lyketh ageynward the directe
¶ I mene that benygne and goodly of face
¶ Now goo thy waye and put the in her grace

¶ Explicit the Temple of glas.

¶ Duodecim abusiones

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Rex line sapiencia | Episcop ⁹ line doctrina. |
| Domin ⁹ line consilio. | Mulier line castitate. |
| Miles line pbitate. | Judex line Justicia |
| Diues line elemolina: | Populus line lege |
| Senex line religiose | Seruus line timore |
| Paup supbus | Adolescēs sñ obediencia |

¶ Goo forth kyngreull the by sapyence
¶ Bysshop be able to mynystre doctryne
¶ Lord to treu counceyle yeue audyence
¶ womanhed to chastyte euer enclyne
¶ knyght lete thy dedes worshyp Determyne
¶ Be rightuous Juge in sauyng thy name
¶ Ryche doo almes lest thou lese blys with shame

¶ People obeye your kyng and the lawe
¶ Age be thou ruled by good religyon
¶ Treu seruañt be dredfull & kepe the vnder awe
¶ And thou poure fye on presumpcyon
¶ Inobedyence to yough is vtter destruccyon
¶ Remembze you how god hath sette you lo
¶ And doo your parte as ye ar ordeyned to



